'TIS A ROLLICKING BRISH TALE.

The O'Coners of Castle Conor, County

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

I shall never forget my first introduction to country life in Ireland, my first day's hunting there or the manner in which I passed the even ing afterward. Nor shall I ever cease to grateful for the hospitality which I received from the O'Conors of Castle Conor. My acquaintance with the family was first made in the following manner. But before I begin my story let me inform my reader that my name is

Archibald Green.
I had been for a fortnight in Dublin, and was about to proceed into county Mayo on business which would occupy me there for some weeks. My headquarters would, I found, be at the town of Ballyglass, and I soon learned that Ballyglass was not a place in which I should find hotel accommodation of a luxurious kind or much congenial society indigenous to the place itself.

"But you are a hunting man, you say," said old Sir P—— C——, "and in that case you will soon know Tom O'Conor. Tom won't let you be dull. I'd write you a letter to Tom, only he'll certainly make you out without my taking the trouble."

I did think at the time that the old baronet might have written the letter for me, as he had en a friend of my father's in former days; but he did not, and I started for Ballyglass with no other introduction to any one in the county than that contained in Sir P--- 's promise that I should soon know Mr. Thomas O'Conor.

I had already provided myself with a horse, groom, saddle, and bridle, and these I sent down, en arant, that the Ballyglassians might know that I was somebody. Perhaps, before I arrived, Tom O'Conor might learn that a hunting man was coming into the neighborhood, and I might find at the inn a polite note intimating that a bed was at my service at Castle Conor. I had heard so much of the free hospitality of the Irish gentry as to imagine that such a thing

might be possible.

But I found nothing of the kind. Hunting gentlemen in those days were very common in county Mayo, and one horse was no great evidence of a man's standing in the world. Men there, as I learned afterward, are sought for themselves quite as much as they are elsewhere, and though my groom's top boots were neat and my horse a very tidy animal, my entry into Ballygiass created no sensation whatever

In about four days after my arrival, when I was already infinitely disgusted with the little pot house in which I was forced to stay, and had made up my mind that the people in county Mayo were a churlish eet, I sent my horse on to a meet of the fox-bounds, and followed after on an open car.

No one but an erratic fox hunter such as I am —a fox hunter, I mean, whose lot it has been to wander about from one pack of hounds to an-other—can understand the melancholy feeling which a man has when he first intrudes himself. unknown by any one, among an entirely new set of sportamen. When a stranger falls thus, as it were, out of the moon into a hunt, it impossible that men should not stare ilm, and ask who he is. And it is disagreeable to be stared at, and have such questions asked! This feeling does not come upon a man in Leicester. shire or Gloucestershire, where the numbers are large, and a stranger or two will always be over-looked, but in small hunting fields it is so painful that a man has to pluck up much courage

We met on the morning in question at Bingham's Grove. There were not above twelve or fifteen men out, all of whom, or nearly all, were cousins to each other. They seemed to be all Toms, and Pats, and Larrys, and Micks. I was up very knowingly in pink, and thought that I looked quite the thing; but for two or three hours nobody noticed me,

I had my eyes about me, however, and soon found out which of them was Tom O'Conor. He was a fine-looking fellow, thin and tall, but not largely made, with a piercing gray eye, and a beautiful voice for speaking to He had two sons there also, short, slight fellows, but exquisite horsemen. I already felt that I had a kind of acquaintance with the father, but I hardly ground to put in my claim.

We had no sport early in the morning. It was a cold bleak February day, with occasional storms of sleet. We rode from cover to cover. but all in vain. "I am sorry, sir, that we are to have such a bad day, as you are a stranger here," said one gentleman to me. This was Jack O'Conor, Tom's eldest son, my bosom friend for many a year after. Poor Jack! I fear that the Encumbered Estates Court sent

him altogether adrift upon the world.
"We may still have a run from Poulnaroe, if coming from behind with a sharp trot. It was

Wherever the hounds go, I'll follow," said I. "Then come on to Poulnarce," said Mr. O'Conor. I trotted on quickly by his side, and before we reached the cover had managed to alip in something about Sir P. C.

"What the deuce!" said he. "What! a friend of Sir P—'a? Why the deuce didn't you tell me so? What are you doing down here? Where are you staying?" &c. At Poulnaros we found a fox but before we

did so Mr. O'Conor had asked me over to Conor. And this he did in such a way that there was no possibility of refus-ing him-or, I should rather say, of beying him. For his invitation came quite in the tone of a command.

"You'll come to us of course when the day is over-and let me see; we're near Ballyglass now, but the run will be right away in our direction. Just send word for them to send your things to

But they're all about and unpacked," said I. "Never mind. Write a note and say what you want now, and go and get the rest to-morrow yourself. Here, Patsey! Patsey! run into Ballygiass for this gentleman at once. Now don't long, for the chances are we shall find here. And then, after giving some further hurried in-

be long, for the chances are we shall find here.
And then, after giving some further hurried instructions, he left me to write a line in pencil to the innkeeper's wife on the bank of a ditch.

This I accordingly did. "Nend my small portmanteau," I said, "and all my black dress cicthes, and shirts, and socks, and all that, and above all my dressing things which are on the little table, and the satin neckhandkerchief, and whatever you do, mind you send my pumps," and I underscored the latter word; for Jack O'Conor, when his father left me, went on pressing the instruction of that kind of things perhaps we can amuse you." Now in those days I was very fond of dancingated enough to learn that Tom O'Conor had doughters as well as some. On this account I was particular in underscoring the word pumps. "And hurry, you divil," he said to Patsey.

"I have told him to take the portmanteau over on a car," said I.

"All right; you'll find it there on our arrival," We had an excellent run in which I may make bid to say that I did not acquit myseif badly." I stuck very close to the hounds, as did the whole of the O'Conor had charted to sarch himself, as he did, I received those compliments on my horse, which is the most approved praise which one for houser street to sarch himself, as he did, I received those compliments on my horse, which is the most approved praise which one for houser of the completion of t

ten miles to go; good Irish miles," mid the father. "I don't know that I ever remember of

"He wasn't a Poulmarce fox," said Peter.
"I don't know that," said Jack; and then they debated that question hotly.
Our horses were very tired, and it was late be-

fore we reached Mr. O'Conor's house. That get-ting home from hunting with a thoroughly weary animal, who has no longer sympathy or example to carry him on, is very tedious work. In the present instance I had company with me; but when a man is alone, when his horse toes at every ten steps, when the night is dark and the rain pouring, and there are yet eight miles of read to be conquered,—at such times a man is apt to swear that he will give up hunting.

At last we were in the Castle Conor stable

yard for we had approached the house by some back way; and as we entered the house by a door leading through a wilderness of back passages, Mr. O'Conor said out loud: "Now, oys, remember I sit down to dinner in twenty minutes." And then turning expressly to me, he laid his hand kindly upon my shoulder and said: "I hope you will make yourself outte at home at Castle Conor, and whatever you do, don't keep us waiting for dinner. You can dress, in twenty minutes, I suppose ?"

"In ten!" eaid I, glibly.
"That's well. Jack and Peter will show you rour room," and so be turned away and left us, My two young friends made their way into the great hall and thence into the drawing room, and I followed them. We were all dressed in pink, and had waded deep through bog and mud. I did not exactly know whither I was beng led in this guise, but I soon found myself in the presence of two young ladies and of a girl about thirteen years of age.

"My sisters," said Jack, introducing me very laconically. "Miss O'Conor, Miss Kate O'Conor, Miss Tizzy O'Conor." "My name is not Tizzy." said the younger;

'h's Eliza. How do you do, sir? I hope you had a fine hunt! Was papa well up, Jack?"

Jack did not condescend to answer this quesilon, but asked one of the elder girls whether anything had come, and whether a room had

been made ready for me.
"Oh yes!" said Miss O'Conor; "they came, I know for I saw them brought into the house; and I hope Mr. Green will find everything comfortable." As she said this I thought I saw a slight smile steal across her pretty mouth.

They were both exceedingly pretty girls. Fanny the elder were long glossy curls, for I write, oh reader, of bygone days, as long ago as that when ladies were curls if it pleased them so to de, and centlemen danced in numps. with black handkerchiefs round their necks yes, long black, or nearly black silken curls; and then she had such eyes I never knew whether they were most wicked or most bright; and her face was all dimples, and each dimple was laden with laughter and laden with love Kate was pro sab.y the prettier girl of the two, but on the whole not so attractive. She was fairer than her sister, and wore her hair in braids, and was also somewhat more demure in

her manner. In spite of the special injunctions of Mr. O'Conor, senior, it was impossible not to loiter for five minutes over the drawing room fire talk ing to these houris -more especially as I seemed know them intimately by intuition before half of the five minutes was over. They were so easy, so pretty, so graceful, so kind, they seemed to take it so much as a matter of course that I should stand there taiking in my red coat and muddy boots.

"Well; do go and dress yourselves," at last said Fanny, pretending to speak to her brothers, but looking more especially at me. "You know how mad papa will be. And remember, Mr. Green, we expect great things from your dancing to-night. Your coming just at this time is such godsend." And again that soupcon of a smile passed over her face.

I hurried up to my room, Peter and Jack oming with me to the door. "Is everything right?" said Peter, looking among the towels and water jugs. "They've given you a decent fire, for a wonder," said Jack, stirring up the red-hot turf which blazed in the grate. "All right as a trivet," said I. "And ook alive like a good fellow," said Jack. We had scowled at each other in the morning as very young men do when they are strangers; and now we were intimate friends.

I immediately turned to my work, and was gratified to find that all my things were laid out ready for dressing; my portmanteau had, of course, come open, as my keys were in my pocket, and therefore some of the excellent servants of the house had been able to save me all the trouble of unpacking. There was my shirt hanging before the fire; my black clothes were spread upon upon the bed, my socks and collar and handkerchief beside them; my brushes were on the toilet table, and everything prepared exactly as though my own man had been

I immediately went to work at getting off my spurs and boots, and then proceeded to loosen the buttons at my knees. In doing this I sat down in the arm chair which had been drawn up for me opposite the fire. But what was the object on which my eyes then fell—the objects,

I should rather say.
Immediately in froot of my chair was placed. just ready for my feet, an enormous pair of shooting boots—half-boots, made to lace up round the ankles, with thick double leather soles, and each bearing half a stone of iron in the shape of nails and heel pieces. I had superintended the making of these shoes in Burlington Arcade with the greatest diligence. I was never a good shot: and, like some other sportsmen, intended to make up for my deficiency in per-formance by the excellence of my shooting apparel. "Those nails are not large enough." I had said; "not nearly large enough." But when the boots came home they struck even me as being too heavy, too metalsome. "He, he, he," laughed the boot boy as he turned them up for me to look at. It may therefore be imagined of

what nature were the articles which were thus set out for the evening's dancing.

And then the way in which they were placed.

When I saw this the conviction flew across my mind like a flash of lightning that the prepara-tion had been made under other eyes than those of the servant. The big heavy boots were placed so prettily before the chair, and the strings of each were made to dangle down at the side, as though just ready for tying. They seemed to say, the boots did, "Now, make haste.

seemed to say, the boots did, "Now, make haste. We, at any rate, are ready—you cannot say that you were kept waiting for us." No mere servant's hand had ever enabled a pair of boots to laugh at one so completely.

But what was I to do? I rushed at the small portmanteau, thinking that my pumps also might be there. The woman surely could not have been such a fool as to send me those tons of iron for my evening wear! But also also no pumps were there. There was nothing else in the way of covering for my feet, not even a pair of slippers.

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"What is your name, my friend?" said I, determined to make an ally of the was.

"My name? Why, Larry, sure, yer honer, And the mather is out of his sines in a hurry becase yer honer don't come down."

"Is he, though? Weil, how, Larry, tell me this. Which of all the gentlemen in the house has got the largest foot?"

"Is it the largest foot, yer honer?" said Larry, sitogether surprised by my question.

"Yes, the largest foot;" and then I proceeded to explain to him my misfortune. He took up first my top boot, and then the shooting boot, in looking at which he gazed with wonder at the nails; and then he glanced at my feet, measuring them with his eye, and after this he pronunced his opinion.

"Yer honer couldn't wear a morsel of leather belonging to e'er a one of 'em, young or ould. There niver was a foot like that yet among the O'l-nover."

"Yet houer couldn't wear a morsel of leather belonging to e'er a one of 'em, young or ould. There niver mas foot like that yet among the O'Lonors."

"Hut are there no strangers staying here?"

"There's three or four on 'em come in to dinner; but they'll be wanting their own boots, I'm thinking. And there's young Misther Dillon; he's come to stay. But Lord love you—" and he sgain looked at the enormous extent which lay between the heel and the toe of the shooting apparatus which he still held in his hand. "I niver see such a foot as that in the whole barony," he said," barring my own.

Now Larry was a large man, much larger altogether than myself, and as he said this I looked down involuntarily at his feet; or rather at his foot, for as he stood I could only see one. And then a sudden hope filled my heart. On that foot there glittered a shoe—not indeed such as were my own which were now resting ingloriously at Ballyglass while they were so sorely needed at Castle Conor; but one which I could wear before ladies without shame, and, in my present frame of mind, with contentment.

"Let me look at that one of your own," said I to the man, as though it were merely a subject for experimental inquiry. Larry, accustomed to obedience, took off the shoe and handed it to me. My own foot was immediately in it, and I found that if fitted me like a glove.

"And now the other," said I, not smiling, for a smile would have put him on his guard, but somewhat sternly, so that that habit of obedience should not desert him at this perilous moment. And then I stretched out my hand.

"But, yer honer can't keep 'em, you know," said he, "I haven't the ghost of another shoe to my feet," But I only looked more sternly than before, and still held out my hand.

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give them to you for the loan of this pair of allipers."
They'd be no use at all to me, yer honer; not the laist use in life."
"You could do with them very well for tonight, and then you could sell them. And here are ten shillings besides." and I held out half a sovereign, which the poor fellow took.

I waited no further pariev, but immediately walked out of the room. With one foot I was sufficiently pleased. As regarded that, I felt that I had overcome my difficulty. But the other was not so satisfactory. Whenever I stempted to lift it from the ground the horrid slipper would fall off, or only just hang by the toe. As for dancing, that would be out of the question.

slipper would fall off, or only just hang by the toe. As for dancing, that would be out of the question.

"Och, murther, murther," sang out Larry, ashe heard me going down stairs. "What will I do at ail? Tare and 'ounds: there, he's at it agin, as mad as blazes." This last exclamation had reference to another peal, which was evidently the work of the master's hand.

I confess I was not quite comfortable as I wasked down stairs. In the first place, I was nearly half an hour late, and I knew from the vigor of the peals that had sounded that my slowness had already been made the subject of strong remarks. And then my left shoe went flop, flop on every alternate step of the stairs; by no exertion of my foot in the drawing up of my toe could I induce it to remain permanently fixed upon my foot. But over and above, and worse than all this, was the conviction strong upon my mind that I should become a subject of my distress, and probably at this moment were expecting to hear ms clatter through the atone hall with those odious metal boots.

However, I hurried down and entered the drawing-room, determined to keep my position near the door, so that I might have as little as possible to do on entering and as little as possible to ging out. But I had other difficulties in store for me. I had not as yet been introduced to Mrs. O'Conor: nor to Miss O'Conor, the squire's unmarried sister.

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to Mrs. O'Conor; nor to Miss O'Conor, the squire's unmarried sister.

"Upon my word, I thought you were never coming," said Mr. O'Conor as soon as he saw me. "It is just one hour since we entered the house. Jack, I wish you would find out what has come to that fellow Larry," and again he rang the bell. He was too angry, or it might be too impatient to go through the ceremony of introducing me to anybody. I saw that the two girls looked at me very sharply, but I stood at the back of an armchair so that no one could see my feet. But that little imp 'Tizzy walked round deliberately, looked at my heels, and then walked back again. It was clear that she was in the secret.

There were eight or ten people in the room, but I was too much fluttered to notice well who they were.

"Mamma," said Miss O'Conor, "let me introduce Mr. Green to you."

It luckily happened that Mrs. O'Conor was on the same side of the fire as myself, and I was able to take the hand which she offered me without coming round into the middle of the circle. Mrs. O'Conor was a little woman, apparently not of much import tance in the world, but, if one might judge from first appearance, very good natured.

"And my Aunt Dl. Mr. Green," said Kate, pointing to a very straight-backed, grim-looking lady, who occupied a corner of a sofa, on the opposite side of the hearth. I knew that politeness required that I should walk across the room and make acquaintance with her. But under the existing circumstances how was I to obey the dictates of politeness? I was determined therefore to stand my ground, and merely bowed across the room at Miss O'Conor. In so doing I made an enemy who never deserted me during the whole of my intercourse with the family. But for her, who knows who might have been sitting opposite to me as as I now write?

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who might have been sitting opposite to me as as I now write?

"Upon my word, Mr. Green, the ladies will expect much from an Adonis who takes so long over his toilet," said Tom O'Conor in that cruel tone of banter which he knew so well now to use.

"You forget, father, that men in London can't jump in and out of their clothes as quick as we wild Irishmen," said Jack.

"Mr. Green knows that we expect a great deal from him this evening. I hope you polk well, Mr. Green," said Kate.

I muttered something about never dancing, but I knew that that which I said was inamilible.

"I don't think Mr. Green will dance," said tizzy; "at least not much." The impudence of that child was, I think, unparalleled by any that I have ever witnessed.

"Hut in the name of all that's holy, why don't we have dinner?" Agai Mr. O'Conor thundered at the door, "Latry, Latry!" he screamed.

"Yes, yer honor, it'il be all right in two sec-

screamed. "Yes yer honor, it'll be all right in two sec-opis," answered Larry, from the two sec-

onis, "answered Larry, from some buttomiess abyss. "Tare an' ages; what'il I do at all," I heard him continuing, as he made his way into the hall. Oh, what a clatter he made upon the pavement, for it was all stone! And how the drops of perspiration stood upon my brow as I listened to him!

drops of perspiration stood upon my brow as I listened to him?

And then there was a pause, for the man had gone into the dining room. I could see now that Mr. O'Conor, was becoming very angry, and Jack, the cidest son, oh, how often he and I have laughed over all this since, left the drawing room for the second time. Immediately afterward Larry's footstops were again heard hurrying across the hall, and then there was a great slither, and an exclamation, and the noise of a fall—and I could plainly hear poor Larry's head strike against the stone floor.

"Ochone, ochone!" he cried at the top of his voice—"I'm murthered with 'em now; and d— 'em for boots—St. Peter, be good to me."

There was a general runk into the hall, and I was carried with the stream. The poor fellow who had broken his head would be sure to tell how I had robbed him off his shoes. The coachman was already helping him up, and Peter good-naturedly lent a hand.

"What on earth is the matter?" said Mr. O'Conor.

"He must be tipax." whispered Miss O'Conor. O'Conor.
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O'Conor.

"He must be tipsy," whispered Miss O'Conor, the maiden sister.

"I ain't tipsy at all thin," said Larry, getting up and rubbing the back of his head, and sandry other parts of his body. "Tipsy, indeed!" And then he added when he was quite upright, "The dinner is sarved—at last."

"And he bore it all without telling. "I'll give that fellow a guines to-morrow." said I to myself, "if it's the last that I have in the world.

I shall never forget the countenance of the Miss O'Conors as Larry arrambled up cursing the unfortunate boots. "What on earth has he gut on " said Mr. O'Conor.

"Sorrow take 'em for shoes," ejsculated Larry. But his spirit was good, and he said not a word to betray me.

We all then went in to dinner how we best could. It was useless for us to go back into the drawing room, that each might seek his own partner. Mr. O'Conor, "the masther," not caring much for the girle who were around him, and being aiready half beside himself with the confusion and delay, led the way by himself, I as a stranger should have given my arm to Mrs. O'Conor; biff as it was I took her client daughter instead, and contrived to shuffle along into the dining room without exciting much at tention, and when there i found myself happily placed between Kate and Fanny.

"I never knew anything so awkward," said

Fanny; "I declars I can't conceive what has come to our old servant Larry. He's generally the most precise person in the world, and now he is nearly an hour late—and then he tumbles down in the hall."

"I am afraid I am responsible for the delay," said I.

"But not for the tumble, I suppose," said Kate from the other side. I felt that I blushed up to the spee, but I did not dare to enter into expla-mations.

the eyes, but I did not dare to enter into explanations.

"Tom," said Tiggy, addressing her father across the table, "I hope you had a good run today." "Twas odd to me that a young jady should call her father Tom, but such was the fact.

"Well; pretty well." said Mr. O'Conor.

"And I hope you were up with the hounds."

"You may sak Mr. Green that. He at any rate was with them, and he can tell you.

"Oh, he wasn't before you. I know. No Eng. Ishman could get before you. I am sure of that."

Don't you be impertinent, miss," said Kats.

"You can easily see, Mr. Green, that papa spoils my sister Eliza."

"Do you hunt in top boots, Mr. Green?" said Tigsy.

Tizzy.

To this I made no answer. Sne would have drawn me into a conversation about my feet in half a minute, and the slightest allusion to the subject threw me into a fit of perspiration.

"Are you fond of bunting, Miss O'Conor?" asked I, blindly hurrying into any other subject of conversation.

"Are you fond of bunting, Miss O'coner saked I, blindly hurrying into any other subject of conversation.

Miss O'Coner owned that she was fond of hunting—just a little; only papa would not allow it. When the hounds met, anywhere within reach of Castle Conor, she and Kate would ride out to look at them, and if papa was not there that day—an omission of rare occurrence they would ride a few fields with the hounds.

"But he lets Tizzy keep with them the whole day," said she, whispering.

"And has Tizzy a pony of her own?"

"Oh yes, Tizzy has everything. She's papa's pet, you know."

"And whose pet are you?" I asked.

"Oh—I am nobody's pet unless Jack makes a pet of me when he's in a good humor. Do you make pets of your sisters, Mr. Green?"

"I have none. But if I had I should not make pets of them."

"Not of your own sisters?"

make pets of your sisters, Mr. Green?"

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"No. As for myself I'd sconer make a pet of my friend's sister; a great deal."

"How very unnatural," said Miss O'Conor, with the pretiest look of surprise imaginable.

"Not at all unnatural, I think," said I, looking tenderly and lovingly into her face. Where does one find girls so pretty, so easy, so sweet, so talkative as the Irish girls? And then with all their talking and all their case, who ever hears of their misbehaving? They certainly love fifting, as they also love dancing. But they firt without mischief and without malice.

I had now quite forgotten my misfortune, and was beginning to think how well I should like to have Fanny O'Conor for my wife. In this frame of mind I was bending over toward her as a servant took away a piate from the other side, when a sepalchral note sounded in my ear. It was like the memento mort of the old Roman—as though some one pointed in the midst of my bliss to the sword hung over my head by a thread. It was the voice of Larry, whispering in his agony just above my head:

"They's distribuying my poor feet intirely, intirely; so they is! I can't bear It much longer, yer hone." I had committed murder like Macbeth; and now my Banquo had come to disturb meat my feast.

"Wha is it he says to you?" asked Fanny.

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"Oh nothing," I answered, once more in

me at my feast.

"What is it he says to you?" asked Fanny.

"Oh nothing," I answered, once more in my misery.

"There seems to be some point of confidence between you and our Larry," she remarked.

"Oh no," said I, quite confused; "not at all."

"You need not be ashamed of it. Half the gentlemen in the county have their confidences with Larry—and some of the ladles, too, I can tell you. He was born in this house and never lived anywhere else; and I am sure he has a larger circle of acquaintance than any one clse in it."

I could not recover my self-possession for the next ten minutes. Whenever Larry was on our side of the table I was afraid he was coming to me with another agonized whisper. When he was opposite I could not but watch him as he hobbled in his misery. It was evident that the boots were too tight for him, and had they been made throughout of iron they could not have been less capatile of yielding to the feet. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. And I pitied myself also, wishing that I was well in bed up stairs with some feigned malady, so that Larry might have had his own again.

And then for a moment I missed him from the room. He had doubtless gone to relieve his tortured feet in the servant's hall, and as he did so was cursing my cruelty. But what mattered it? Let him curse. If he would only stay away and do that I would appease his wrath when we were alone together with pecuniary satisfaction.

But there was no such rest in store for me.

"Larry, Larry," shouted Mr. O'Conor, where on earth has the fellow gone to?" They were all cousins at the table except myself, and Mr. O'Conor was not therefore restrained by any feeling of ceremony. "There is something wrong with that fellow to-day; what is it, Jack?"

"Upon my word, sir, I don't know, said Jack.
"I think he must be tipey," whispered Miss O'Conor, the maiden sister, who always sat at her brother's left hand. But a whisper though it was, it was audible all down the table.

"No, ma'am; it ain't dhrink at all," said the conchman, "It is hi

It was that that made him tumble down in the hall."

I glanced at each side of me, and could see that there was a certain consciousness expressed in the face of each of my two neighbors; on Kate's mouth there was decidedly a smile, or rather, perhaps, the slightest possible inclination that way; whereas on Fanny's part I thought I saw something like a rising sorrow at my distress. So at least I flattered myself.

"Send him back into the room immediately." said Tom, who looked at me as though he had some consciousness that I had introduced all this confusion into his heusehold. What should I do? Would it not be best for me to make a clean breast of it before them all? But alas! I lacked the courage.

The coachman went out, and we were left for five minutes without any servant, and Mr. O'Conor the while became more and more savage. I attempted to say a word to Fanny, but falled—Var fauchus harst.

"I don't think he has got any others," said

age. I attempted to say a word to Fanny, but falled—Vax fauctins hazat.

"I don't think he has got any others," said Tizy—"at least none others left."
On the whole I am glad I did not marry into the family, as I could not have endured that girl to stay in my house as a sister-in-law.

"Where the d—has that other fellow gone to?" said Tom. "Jack, do go out and see what is the matter. If anybody is drunk send for me."
"Oh, there is nobedy drunk," said Tizy,
Jack went out, and the coachman returned; but what was done and said I hardly remember. The whole room seemed to swim round and round, and as far as I can recollect the company sat mute, neither eating nor drinking. Presently Jack returned.

"It's all right," said he. I always liked Jack. At the present moment he just looked toward me and laughed slightly.
"All right?" said Tom, "But is the fellow coming?"
"We can lie with Hichard, I suppose," said

coming?"
We can blo with Richard, I suppose," said

"We can 5 to with Richard, I suppose," said Jack.
"No-I can't do with Richard," said the father. "And I will know what it all means. Where is that fellow Larry ?:"
Larry had been standing just outside the door, and now he entered gently as a mouse. No sound came from his footfall, nor was there in his face that look of pain which it had worn for the last fifteen minutes. But he was not the less abashed, frightened, and unhappy.

"What is all this about, Larry?" said his master, turning to him, "I insist upon knowing." ng."
Och, thin, Mr. Green, yer honor, I wouldn't

"Och, thin, Mr. Green, yer honor, I wouldn't be afther telling agin yer honor; indeed I wouldn't thin, as' the masther would only let me hould my tongue." And he looked across at me, deprecating my anger.

"Mr. Green." said Mr. O'Conor.

"Yes, yer honer. It's all along of his honer's thick shoes," and Larry, stepping backward to-ward the door, lifted them up from some corner, and coming weil forward, exposed them with the soles uppermost to the whole table.

"And that's not all, yer honer; but they've squoze the very toes of me into a jelly."

There was now a loud laugh, in which Jack and Peter and Fanny and kate and Tizzy all joined; as too did Mr. O'Conor-and I also myself after a while.

"Whose boots are they?" demanded Misa O'Conor senior, with her severest tone and grimmest accent.

"Deed then and the divil may have them for me, miss," answered Larry. "They war Mr. Green's but the likes of him won't wear them agin after the likes of me-barring he wanted them very particular," aided he, remembering his own pumps.

them very particular, and the his own particular, and the his own particular, it began muttering something, feeling that the time had come when I must tell the tale. But Jack with great good nature took up the story, and told it so well that I hardly suffered in the

and told it so wen that I hand o'Conor, laughing telling.

"And that's it." said Tom O'Conor, laughing till I thought he would have fallen from his chair. "So you've got Larry's shoes on—"

"And very well he fills them." said Jack.

"And it's his honer that's welcome to 'em," said Larry, gripning from ear to ear now that he saw that "the masther" was once more in a weal humor.

'em," anid Larry, grinning from ear to ear now that he saw that "the masther" was once more in a good humor.

"I hope they'il be nice shoes for dancing," anid Kate.

"Only there's one down at the heel I know," anid Tissy.

"The servant's shoes!" This was an exclamation made by the maiden lady, and intended apparently only for her brothers car. But it was clearly sudible by all the party.

"Better that than no dinner," said Peter.

"But what are you to do about the dancing !" and Fanny, with an air of dismay on her face which fiathered me with an idea that she did care whether I danced or no.

In the mean time Larry, now as happy as an emperor, was tripping round the room without any shoes to encumber him as he withdrew the plates from the table.

"And it's his honer that's welcome to 'em," said he again, as he pulled off the table cloth with a flourish. "And why wouldn't he, and he abis to folly the hounds betther nor any Englishman that iver war in these parts before; anyways so Mick saye!"

Now Mick was the huntsman, and this little tale of enlogy from Larry went far toward easing my grief. I had ridden well to the hounds that day, and I knew it.

There was nothing more said about the shoes, and I was soon again at my ease, although Mitso O Conor did say something about the impropriaty of Larry walking about the hounds about the hounds that the same the same and the way something about the impropriaty of Larry walking about the impropriaty of Larry walking about the hounds about the shoes, and I was soon again at my ease.

ting on awimmingly with Fanny; and then

we gentlemen gathered round the fire and filled our glasses.
In about ten minutes a very light tap was heard, the door was opened to the extent of three inches, and a female voice which I esadliy recognized called to Jack.
Jack went out, and in a second or two put his head back into the room and called to me-Green, he said, "just step here a moment, there's a good fellow." I went out, and there I found Fanny standing with her brother.
"Here are the girls at thier with enda," said he, "about your dancing. He Fanny as put a boy upon one of the horses, and proposes that you should send another line to Mrs. Mechan at Ballygiase. It's only ten miles, and he'll be back in two hours."

I need hardly say that I acted in conformity with this saivice. I went into Mr. O'Conor's book room with Jack and his sister, and there scribbied a note. It was delightful to feel how untimate I was with them and how anxious they were to make me happy.

"And we won't begin till they come," said Fanny.
"Oh, Miss O'Conor, pray don't wait," said I.
"Oh, Miss O'Conor, pray don't wait," said I.

"Oh. Miss O'Conor, pray don't wait," said I.
"Oh. but we will," sine answered, "You have
your wine to drink, and then there's the tea;
and then we'll have a song or two. I'll spin it
out; see i'l don't." And so we went to the
front door, where the boy was already on
his horse—her own nag, as I afterward found.
"And Patsey," said she, "ride for your life
now; and Patsey, whatever you do, don't come
back without Mr. Green's pumps—his dancing
shoes, you know."

And in about two hours the pumps did arrive;
and I don't think I ever spent a pleasanter evening or got more satisfaction out of shoes. They
had not been two minutes on my feet before
larry was carrying a tray of negus across the
room in those which I had worn at dinner.
"The Dillon girs are going to stay here," said
Fanny, as I wished her good night at 2 o'clock,
"and we'll have dancing every evening as long
as you remain."
"But I shall leave to morrow," said I.

as you remain."

"But I shall leave to-morrow," said I.

"Indeed you won't. Papa will take care of "Indeed you won't. Page witteses that."
And so he did, "You had better go over to Ballygiase yourself to-morrow," said he, "and collect your own things. There's no knowing else what you may have to borrow of Larry."
I stayed there three weeks, and in the middle of the third I thought that everything would be arranged between me and Fanny. But the aunt interfered, and in about a twelvemonth after my silventures she consented to make a more fortunate man happy for his life.

OUR GIRLS' CLUB IN PARIS. Where Young Women Students Find Comforts They Could Not Otherwise Have,

From the Churchman. The Rue de Chevreuse is a narrow street, only block in length, which connects Rue Notre Dame des Champs with the Boulevard Mont Parnasse. From the Bonlevard one sees its commonplace buildings, and rising above them, the red-tiled roofs of a convent, where a statue of Our Lady of the Fields looks down on the dormer windows and clustered chimneys of the surrounding houses. On the left is a large fourstory building shining in a fresh coat of creamolored paint. When the great porte opens we catch a glimpse of a sunny court with a garden behind. The house extends around three sides of a paved court; in the centre is a large flower bed filled with scarlet geraniums, hollyhocks and roses; an old well has been covered over and transformed into a pansy bed, and here and there are boxes overflowing with gay nasturtiums. The tall trees and shrubs in the garden

there are boxes overflowing with gay nasturtiums. The tall trees and shrubs in the garden
shield the court from the view of neighboring
houses, and in the pleasant seclusion the noisy,
dusty Boulevard seems far away.
This is the American Girls Club, an outgrowth of a smaller one which was opened three
years ago in the Rue Vavin. The idea of the
latter club originated with the late Rev. W. W.
Newell and his wife, who, from their many
years of faithful work among the students,
were thoroughly acquainted with their needs.
Through them Mrs. Whitelaw Reid became interested in the plan, and she assumed the entire
expense of the maintenance of the club. It consisted of a reading room, a small library, and a
reception room, where tea was served every
afternoon at 5 o'clock. Situated as it was in the
midst of the student quarter, many girls would
come in for an hour of rest, to see the papers
and magazines, and have a chat with acquaintances over a cup of tea. On Sunday evenings a
short service was held, followed by an informal
social gathering.
This club proved to be such a success that last
October the Rue de Chevreuse house was
opened, with the addition of bedrooms and a
much-needed restaurant. The girls pay a fair
price for their rooms and in the restaurant, but
the club cannot be supported by the income derived from these sources. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid
has made herself responsible for the rent and
the taxes, while other expenses are met by other
generous Americans. The business affairs are
controlled by a gentleman and a committee
of laddes living in Paris, and the house
staff is composed of a directress and
chanceron, who manages the house and
restaurant, a housekeeper, conclerge, and
women domestics. In addition, there is the
President of the club, usually one of the students, who has a general supervision over the
reading room and library, presides at 5 o'clock
tea, and takes a prominent part in the social
affairs of the club.

The present club is intended only for girls
studying in Paris without the

The cestaurant does much to remove the difficulties of student life for girls in Paris. The charges of most of the pensions are too high for many, and in the French pensions the newly arrived American misses home comforts, and suffers from neglect of the proper sanitary conditions, while a continued course of small stand physical. Some rent apartments, mental and physical. Some rent apartments, mental and physical. Some rent apartments, mental and physical. Some rent apartments are the puzzling intricacies of French law, this frequently involves them in difficulty and expense. There is the conflict, also, between health and one's work, in which too often the health and one's work, in which too often the health and one's work, in which too often the health and one's work, in which too often the health and the well-filled restaurant last year showed that it was fully appreciated by the students. The from a restaurant sate of the duarter, while the quality is much superior. One of the means will sive an idea of the prices which, however, fluctuate a little with the season and the conditions of the markets. Vegetable somp, 4 cents; boiled fish, white sauce, 5 cents; flet, madeira sauce, with the sauce, 5 cents; first, and cheese, 4 cents; rice cake, 5 cents; preserved cheries, 3 cents; coffee, 4 cents; that dental chem, a shad, 4 cents; backed cauliflower, fact, cents, 5 cents, 1 cents, 5 cents, 2 cents, 2 cents, 2 cents, 2 cents, 3 cents, 2 cents, 3 cents, 2 cents, 3 cents, 2 cents, 3 cents, 4 cents, 5 cents; company, 2 cents, 4 cents, 6 cents; company, 2 cents, 5 cents, 5 cents, 5 cents, 5 cents, 5 cents, 5 cents, 6 cents, 6 cents, 6 cents, 6 cents, 6 cents, 6 cents, 7 cents, 7 cents, 7 cents, 8 cents, 1 cents, 8 cents, 1 cents, 1

SWIMMING IN BREAKERS.

A Pacific Court Expert Tells How It

From the San Francisco Chronicle San Francisco has a "King of the Breakers," man who views the giant shore waves of the mighty sea as things to play with, and who proposes to revolutionize the life saving service by substituting brawn and skill for life lines and complicated paraphernalia. What a breaker really is not many people know. Major Blake-ney, who has been for years with the Government life saving station, is one of those who

ought to know.
"A breaker is not exactly a wall of water," he said. "It is rather a great roll of the sea. It starts miles and miles away as a wave, gathering force and gaining speed as it rolls, the great volume of water, tons and tons of it, turning over and over upon itself. Finally, as the sea bottom rises to form the sandy beach

wolume of water, tons and tons of it, turning over and over upon itself. Finally, as the sea bottom rises to form the sandy beach the space for the glant rolling mass of water becomes contracted and it breaks—breaks not from the top of the roll, but from the bottom breaks with a force that makes the rush of a cannom shot seen trifling. The top of that breaker, containing volumes of water big as houses, it thrown forward at terrifin speed, forming what is known on the beach as a compler. A boat caught at the time the breaker is formed is carried forward at a rate of easily fifty miles an hour. A mass of water like that is solid, is included in the solid of the stood under a triphammer as it felt.

"It is not the breaker at the the beach that is dangerous; it is the breaker away out that is the power. By the time it reaches shore it is merely foam. A man drowned in breakers like that never comes ashore. His body is never found. He sinks and stays. The water in the rolling picks up the sand from the bottom until the roller is heavily charged with sand. A man who cets into that water gets sand in his lumes, ears, and nostrils, in all his pockets, in his shoes, under his clothes. In every possible crevice, until he is ballasted so that he sinks forever. "Reakers are not made for men to breast, whether they be swimmers or not." Yet the King of the Breakers thinks his subjects are easy to rule when understood.

Personally, the King of the Breakers is a common lace-looking man of ordinary build and waring ordinary whiskers. He is a doctor, a member of the Turner societies and the Schuetzen socions, a good German citizen who loves to drink beer and to swim in blue salt water. His name is Dr. F. Riehl.

"I learned how to take the breakers by watching the duck," said the doctor, "It is very, very easy. The heavier and larger the breakers the hord ward the breaker ones to me. I go under it and come up in the smooth water beyond. There is always amooth water back of a breaker, and always more latous to show the sale of the

breakers sheed, of it is really an easy matter to get out where the waves are ordinary in size and force, and where any good swimmer can take his ease for hours."

"And as to coming in again?" we asked.

"Ah, there you have me," said the physician: "that is a little more difficult. A man must keep his head. He must not get what you call 'rattled.' With presence of mind any good swimmer ought to come in through the breakers. I come in not straight a blead of the breakers, it come in not straight a blead of the breakers. I come in not straight a breakers in the opposite direction from my general course for shore, but on coming up again it turn for shore at once until the next breaker any enough to carry one from shore to ship, which is all that is needed in the life-saving service."

To carry a line out through the breakers any enough to carry one from shore to ship, which is all that is needed in the life-saving service."

To carry a line out through the breakers any pay it out as the swimmer proceeds, taking care that there shall not be slack enough to the same way in a shall line lighted with corks or oiled, so arranged that men on the shore may pay it out as the swimmer proceeds, taking care that there shall not be slack enough to the same way in a small line lighted with corks or oiled, so arranged that men on the shore may pay it out as the swimmer proceeds, taking care that there shall not be slack enough to the same way in the captical boat, the problem to have a same way in the captical boat, the problem to have a same way in the captical boat, the problem to have a same way in the captical boat, the problem to have a same way in the captical boat, the problem to have a same way in the captical boat, the problem to have a same way in the captical boat, the problem to have a same way in the captical boat, the problem to have a same way in the captical boat, the problem to have a same way in the captical boat, the problem to have a same way in the captical boat, the problem to have a same way in the captic

breakers were too high. Finally the current took the boat to the Cliff House rocks, and Mr. Wilkins and a boy rescued the fisherman. I have told the men at the life-saving station to telephone for me when anything of that kind happens. I can get out to the beach in an hour and would gladly do it to save a life. I can swim through breakers that a lifeboat could not get through and would think nothing of it. If there were an expert swimmer in every life-saving crew it is easy to see that he would be of great use in just such cases."

The officials of the life-saving service don't agree with Dr. Riehl.

They say the service is the best on earth, and that it is organized to protect commerce and not to give circus performances. This refers to Dr. Riehl: a childitions of surf swimming. They also say that the cannons and life-lines are effective in getting lines to an abandoned ship ninety-nine times in a hundred. They admit that it is not easy to get a line to a capsized skiff, and are not sure that it would do any good if it was. They also admit that lifeboats are not sent out when the breakers are too high. They declare that there are breakers at the Golden Gate station so enormously powerful that men enough could not be crowded into a lifeboat station so enormously powerful that men enough could not be crowded into a lifeboat or pull it against them. The boats are sent out when it is possible that they can get through the breakers. Moreover, at the life-saving station at the Presido there is a bolkt which can be launched in any storm, owing to its location, and which can go through the gate whenever a tug can get out.

and which can go through the gate tug can get out.

The officials laugh at Dr. Richl's statement that he can go through breakers a lifeboat cannot ride, and intimate that the statement is preposterous on its face. Dr. Richl, on the other hand, says he will prove the truth of his assertions the first time there is a storm to make the breakers his enough. amertions the first time to the breakers big enough.

FLORIDA TERRAPIN

Pretty Good Diamond Backs, Even if They Are Not Up to the Maryland Mark.

Pretty Good Diamond Backs, Even if They Are Not Up to the Maryland Mark.

From the Florida Times Union.

George Corbett of St. Augustine is the pioneer of a new Florida industry—that of catching diamond-back terrapin.

Five years ago few people knew that there was such a toing as a diamond-back terrapin in Florida, and the fisherinen who occasionally took them in their nets threw them overboard under the impression that they were a worthless and annoying species of turtle. They had no idea that they were the same terrapin that brought from S-4 to S-16 a dozen in the Hallimore market, nor that they were considered the very daintiest deiteacy, along with the canvas-back duck, that could grave the feative board of a swell epicure of the old State of Maryland. But they are the same brosed of castle, if the license for such a classification may be used.

Mr. Corbett was in the city yesterday, and although he has bought hundreds of the terrapin, yet up to a few years ago, when he learned how to hunt them, he says he never saw but one in its native haunts, the salt marshes, and he has probably tramped or sailed over every foot of marsh within ten miles of the Ancient City. The cumuing the terrapin possesses is something wonderful. No greenhorn can find a diamondback in a century unless he has been initiated, and then he needs a weil-trained dog with a good nose—pointers or setters are the best—to help him, as the only clew to the terrapin's place of hiding is a spot of freelity stirred-up mud as big as a half dollar. Right there the turtle will be found, nothing visible but the tip of his mose, which is shiny, and of the same color as the mud. The time for hunting the turtle is during the summer, at ebs time. All of the all marshes of Florida are his home.

Mr. Corbett buys hundreds of terrapin during the summer from men and boys, who either hunt the game for a living or to make spare change. He pays 25 cents for those under six inches and of conts for those over six inches. Mr. Corbett buys hundreds of the mail-coate

IDEAL COOKS FROM CHINA.

THEIR GOOD TRAITS SET FORTH BY

A SAN PRANCISCO WOMAN.

They Are Cleanty, Skilled, and Trustworthy. and Solve a Troublesome Bomentle Prote-lem-Their Ambition to Learn-Chinesa Women Rare as Domestic Servants,

It was a San Francisco woman, who, when calling on a friend recently, told of the trouble she had undergone iff trying to find a good cook, and lamented the fact that she could not bring her Chinese cook with her when she came to

New York to live.
"But," said her friend, "you surely cannot prefer having an unclean, unprincipled heathen in your kitchen rather than a white cook?" "Indeed I do prefer them, and I only wish it were possible to find one here," was the reply, "As for being unclean and unprincipled, they are models of cleanliness and neatness, and with their white linen jackets and aprons, and quene wound round their heads, they are more attrative than the average slatternly white cook, They are scrupulously honest and devoted to their employers, and, besides all this, they are

very quick to learn." This surprised the New York woman, whose only idea of the ordinary Chinaman was the stolid laundryman with his pigeon English, and she wanted to know more about the superior individual, who, the San Franciscan affirmed, could prepare and serve as good and wellcooked a dinner as a French chef, and took as much pride in its success as his mistress. Where do they learn to cook?" she asked.

"That is hard to tell. In some cases they are hired as boys to wait on the table, and, being ambitions to learn, will offer to assist the cons and watch his methods, and the preparation of a dish once learned is never forgotten. So far as I know, there are no established schools, and a question asked of one of them brings forth the invariable answer, 'My cousin, he but, a. every Chinaman is every other Chinaman's cousin, this reply at the best is vague, However, they learn somewhere, and no good cook will ever admit that there is any dish he cannot prepare.
"On one occasion, wishing to give a small

dinner party, I called Sing into consultation to decide on the menu. After suggesting several disnes, I asked him if he could cook lobster & la Newburgh, 'How you call him?' he asked, ! wrote the name for him on a slip of paper. He looked at the name a long while, and, gravely folding the paper, said, 'l'il see.' After finishing his work that morning he went to Chinatown, and was gone about an hour. At dinner in the evening the dish was served, cooked to perfection. I asked him where he learned the recipe. He did not seem to care along telling, but my insistence brought forth the usual answer: 'I see my cousin—I pay him 50 cents. He teach me.' This cousin I found was an expert Chinese cook, who for a small fee would teach his countrymen to cook any dish, however unusual; in fact, he made his living that way.

"They are excellent caterers, and can buy to better advantage than most women. They prefer to do their own marketing, and can be relied upon to select the best cuts of meat and freshest vegetables. Their judgment is invariably good, and the mistress of the house is relieved of the worry of puzzling from day to day what shall be ordered for dinner.

peals to the housewife, is his faithfulness. After his work is finished he is free to do as he pleases. Every night after dinner he is off to Chinatown, and although he may play fan-tan and drink ginesing all night, instead of attending echool, morning finds him bright and cheerful at his work, and he may be depended on for 36th days in the year. He is bound to have two days to celebrate during the Chinese New Year. He days to the property of the central part of town employed a Chinese cook, who had been in their service several years. One evening, when all the members of the family had gone to the theatry, and Sam, as usual, had gone to Chinatown, the fire alarm rang, and Sam recognized the number as being in the district where his employers lived. He immediately left his friends the state of the state of the same propers lived. He immediately left his friends with the state of the stands shivering. When the family returned from the theatre, when the family returned from the puring building opposite. He had been there two hours fighting the fire. His act was remarkable because all Chinese have a horror of fire, and would rather lose all they possess than "Uccasions utiling distance of it." Accessions utiling distance of it." Accessions utiling distance of it. "Occasions the distance of the control of the contr